Then former sorrowes made me.
Mr. Oh kinde Wife, be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered,
You haue a boy at Nurse, your ioye's in him.
Wife. Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body strength, which yet is faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, number vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon for my deare husbands life?
Mr. Was it in man to wound so kinde a creature?
Ile euer praise a woman for thy sake.
I must returne with griefe, my answer's set,
I shall bring newes weighes heauier then the debt.
Two brothers; one in bond lies ouerthrowne,
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.